fathers tenant this foreſcore---

Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities, ah deere ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Id'e ſay I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now whoſe there?

Edg. O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom.*

Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old man. Fellow where goeſt?

Gloſt. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger to.

Gloſt. A has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg,
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are to th' wanton boyes, are we to th' Gods,
They bitt vs for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others, bleſſe thee maiſter.

Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake
Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule
Who Ile intreate to leade me.

Old man. Alack ſir he is mad.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Tis the times plague, v
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe t
Aboue the reſt, be gon.

Old man. Ile bring him the be
Come on t what will.

Gloſt. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I ca

Gloſt. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes,

Gloſt. Knowſt thou the way to

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out
Bleſſe the good man from the fou
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore T
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence*
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of murd
Mobing, & *Mohing* who ſince po
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe th

Gloſt. Here take this purſe, tho
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that
The happier, heauens deale ſo ſtill
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-diete
That ſtands your ordinance, that v
Becauſe he does not feele, feele yo
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exce
And each man haue enough, doſt

Edg. I maſter.

Gloſt. There is a cliffe whoſe h
Lookes firmely in the confined de
Bring me but to the very brimme
And ile repaire the miſery thou do
With ſomething rich about me,
From that place I ſhal no leading

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore T

Enter Gonorill and

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruai
Not met vs on the way, now wher's

Enter Ste

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